

Private Lives

by Jolo

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Summary: An AU with our True "Team Witness" where Abbie Mills is a professor and Ichabod Crane is a Dean of Columbus University. Daniel Reynolds is Abbie's brother and Dean Crane's best friend from High School. Abbie has been in love with Ichabod since she was a teenager. She meets him as an adult. They fall in love. But they have obstacles. Their ages as well as Dean Ichabod's Crane's wife.

## 1. Chapter 1

Hi. First off I wanted to thank anniera for looking over this for me. Thank you for tolerating my craziness. Lol I know this looks so different than what you first read. I still hope you like it though. Lol

This is an AU I thought up. Abbie is a professor and Ichabod Crane is a Dean of Columbus University. He is an old family friend of the Mills family. Daniel's best friend from High School and College in this universe. Daniel Reynolds is Daniel Mills and is Abbie's older brother. Abbie is the second child and Jenny is the youngest. Abbie has been in love with Ichabod Crane since she was a teenager. They meet again in College as adults. She is still in love with him. Ichabod is six years older than Abbie. I wanted to try to write a secret affair between our two "true witnesses" from the beginning. I hope you like it. Lol

### CHAPTER ONE

Professor Abbie Mills paced in the small room while on the phone with her sister.

"Where are you?" "Everybody here at the party keeps asking for you."  
"Mary is about to cut her birthday cake."

"I got sidetracked," Jenny said. "I will be there in a few. I just have to finish up here." "Who's there anyway? Is Luke there? Celia?"

Danny? Is Dean Hottie there?"

Abbie straightened her back and began to pace back across the wooden floor of the large bedroom. She frowned at the multicolored

coats piled on the host's bed. Some looked very expensive, with fur or leather linings. Her eyes dropped to the small worn

black leather jacket she's had for 10 years. It was underneath a large brown butter soft leather duster that belonged to Dean

Ichabod Crane. The leather belt of his duster was loose and wrapped around her black leather jacket in a hug. She lowered her

eyes to the floor.

Her voice lowered. "Yes."

. "Have you've told him yet?"

"Told him what?" Abbie sighed. "What are you babbling about now, Jenny?"

Don't play dumb with me, Abbie. Have you told him you love him yet?"

"No, I haven't." It's crazy."

"What is so crazy? Just tell him."

Abbie sighed, began to pace across the room again. "He wouldn't want me, Jenny I am not his type. You've seen the women he

dated. He likes his women to be blonde and blue eyes with long legs up to their shoulders. Not short brunette women who only

goes up to the middle of his chest and went to university on a scholarship." .

"Hey, don't sell yourself short, Abbs, you earned that scholarship by working hard. And without you being in one of those fancy

families that go back to the Daughters of the Revolutionary War like Mary Wells and Katerina Van Tassle Crane." That's really

impressive."

"He still wouldn't be interested, Jenny." And Anyway he is still technically still married to Katerina."

"I know." Jenny sighed. "You said that not for very long. Remember he is waiting for his ex-wife to sign the papers. You should tell

him." Before the divorce goes through."

"If it even does go through." Abbie whined. She sighed.

"What's the matter now?"

"I saw Crane and Katerina sitting at an Italian restaurant outside of Campus yesterday , Jenny." "They were sitting close Katerina holding his hand."

Silence. Abbie's mouth a tight smile. She lowered her eyes and swiped at a piece of lint on her leg with the back of her hand.

"Were they kissing?"

"No, but I can see by both their expressions that they wanted too."

"Maybe it was gas." Jenny chuckled.

"It's not." She said. "Katerina is not giving up Dean Crane that easily."

"All the better to tell him. See what happens." "Good or bad at least he'll know where you stand. Anyway, I heard it's therapeutic."

"Oh, yeah, It's therapeutic to make a complete and utter fool of myself by walking up to him and say." "Hi, Dean Crane, hello. I

know you are in the middle of a pending divorce and all, and you may be still in love with your wife, Katerina." "But I only wanted to

just let you know I am hopelessly still in love with you, like when I was a teenager? And i wanted to know if you could love me baâ€|.

"Abbie? Abbie?"

Hearing a slight thump behind her. Abbie turns, lifted her eyes to see Dean Crane's tall frame standing blocking the doorway of the

room.

Silence.

They stared at each other.

"Abbie! Abbie! Are you still there? What's going on? Answer me."

Dean Ichabod Crane took one step forward. He cleared his throat and swallowed.

"I wanted to get my phone."

He said. A small nervous smile played on his full lips, and he licked them.

They continued to stare at each other.

He took two steps inside the room. Abbie held her breath.

"Abbie, I'mâ€¦"

"There you are. I was looking all over for you, Ichabod Crane" You owe me, the birthday girl, a dance." Oh, Professor Mills."

She stood in the middle of the doorway with Dean Ichabod Crane. Her eyes shifted from him to Abbie; she frowned. She could feel

the tension between them. She could tell something significant happened between these two. It was palpable in the small room.

Though she choose to ignore it for now, anyway. She wanted to dance with Ichabod Crane.

"I've been here all this the phone with my sister."

"Abbie!"

Abbie heard Jenny screaming through the phone. .

"Excuse me." Abbie said . A small smile played on her face.

"Of hello to Jennifer for me."

Mary Wells faced Dean Crane and smiled at him. Abbie nodded at Mary only to catch Dean

Crane's eye for a minute. She flashed him a small smile and lifted the phone back to her ear. She heard

Jenny yelling and screaming at Abbie because She wasn't answering her questions.

"So I can have Ichabod then? Professor Mills?"

. Mary Wells smiled. She hooked her arm through under Ichabod's muscular arm and pulled him hard against her.

. "Oh, yes of course."

Abbie smiled and swallowed hard. She's going to need a drink after this encounter. More than one in fact.

Ichabod was silent. His back straightened, and his lips pursed. His deep set blue eyes stared at Abbie and then at Mary.

"Let me get my phone from the pocket of my duster jacket first, Mary." "It is what I came in here in the first place."

"No! You can get it later, Ichabod." "Dance with me, now."

Mary pulled him hard by his arm. Ichabod flashed a smile at Abbie and then shrugged. He nodded at her.

Abbie nodded back as he was pulled out of the room. Her small hand clenched her cell

phone. Panic spread through her, and she shut her eyes. This is insane. What the hell was she going to do? She opened her eyes

She held her hand to her forehead.

Abbie jolted awake.

"Abbie?" Abbie!"

. "I'm back, Jenny, sorry about that."

"What the hell happened?"

"You wouldn't freakin' believe it." "I want to die, Jenny."

Abbie sighed frowned at the empty doorway.

She could still see Dean Ichabod Crane's face staring at her. His beautiful blue eyes opened

with surprise his full red lips pressed into a thin line. His expression. What was his expression? Was it anger? Disappointment?

Embarrassment? Disgust? Abbie couldn't tell. It was probably embarrassment. Embarrassed for her.

Abbie told Jenny what happened. A sob in her voice.

"This is a good thing. Now he can go from there."

"Go where, Jenny? To the unemployment line?"

"He can't fire you."

Jenny laughed.

"No your right, Dean Crane can't fire me." "But he can make it unanimous to extend my present suspension in the University's

Library Archives for another month." "Or maybe a year."

"He wouldn't do that, Abbie."

"Maybe? I should beat him to it and just transfer to another school."

"To where?"

"I don't know where." "I seriously don't know what to do."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, not much before Mary Wells came to drag him away to dance."

Abbie pinched the top of her nose. She let out a long sigh and shut her eyes.

"How did he look?" "What was his expression?"

"He apologized." "He called me Abbie."

A loud gasp followed by a squeal filled the room. Abbie rolled her eyes and took a deep breath.

"Abbie?! Not Ms. Mills?" "Not Professor Mills?" "That's great."

"It doesn't mean anything, Jenny." "He's called me Abbie since I was teenager."

"Yes, but not outside of work." "Didn't you tell me he calls you Ms. Mills or Professor Mills

Even outside of campus as well as inside?"

"Yes, he does." "But his voice, Jenny when he said it."

"What about his voice?"

"It just sounded like he wanted to give me the "TALK"." "Like when he did six years ago when I was seventeen after I kissed him on

New Years Eve."

"Abbie! What!" "When did this happen?"

"At New Years Eve, Jenny."

Abbie sighed. She shook her head.

"I know that!" "I meant where? When? And why haven't you told me this before?"

"Six years ago." "In the kitchen." "Two minutes before Midnight." "And because I was embarrassed." "It was so awkward, Jenny."

"Oh, so he gave you the I'm- flattered -but -you're -too "young- to "know- that- you're -in love -with -me -conversation, huh?"

"Yes, you got it." "It was a long talk in my kitchen explaining to me how beautiful and very young I was. And how very soon I will

have a boyfriend, my age who was worthy of me." "He told me I didn't want an old man like him."

"How old was he then?"

"Um, I think he was twenty three."

"Your mistake was you kissed him too soon, Abbie." "You should have waited till Midnight."

Abbie giggled. She closed her eyes and shook her head.

"Maybe." "I was just eager and wanted to take him by surprise." "But anyway, His voice sounded just the same, Jenny." "Like all

those years ago." "He's going to give me the I-am-not- your- boss-

but -I'm -still â€"not- -interested -in -you -"Speech"  
tomorrow

morning in his office, Jenny."

Abbie sucked in a deep breath, letting it go slowly. She closed her eyes.

"I don't think I can stay here, Jenny." "I'm so embarrassed." "I'm going home now." "I can't see Dean Crane tonight, again." "I

don't want to see the embarrassment and pity I will see in his eyes."

"Embarrassment and pity for who, Abbie?"

"Embarrassment and pity for me, Jenny." "I know that is what he is feeling." "What he

thinks." "God, I am that seventeen year old girl again."

Abbie sucked in a breath and let it out slowly. She moaned and lifted her head up to ceiling. She closed her eyes.

Two knocks on the opened door. Abbie opens her eyes and lowered her head to find Dean Crane standing waiting at the doorway

once again.

Abbie's full mouth drops open in surprise.

"Bye, Jenny." "I'll talk to you later."

Abbie hits her thumb down on the button to cancel the call. She looks up.

"Forgot my phone again." "May I come in?"

"Yes, of course, Dean Crane." "I'm just about to leave to go home."

Abbie turned away and walked toward the bed of coats.

"Not on my account, I hope, Abbie?"

Abbie whipped her head to look at him over her shoulder. Surprised at her name on his lips. Her small hand on the collar of her

black leather jacket. Her eyebrow raised. She squinted at him and Dean Crane smiled. She felt a red flush come over her face.

Abbie looked away to pull her jacket out from under his coat.

"Mm mm no, I jjjust need to go home." "I'm tired and I have to report to you at 5:00 in the morning, remember?"

Abbie clenched her jaw tightly. She hated the irritation she heard in her voice as she pulled hard at the collar of her jacket.

"May I lend a hand, Abbie?"

He took two steps toward the bed.

"No!" "I'm fine." "Thank you." "And please stop calling me Abbie!"

Abbie's voice raised. Dean Crane stopped Frozen; already half way toward the bed. His hand stretched out to help Abbie. His hand

dropped with a loud slap on his thigh. His eyebrow raised. His lips pursed.

"Why, Abbie?" "We are not on campus." "It is perfect!"

"I'd rather you didn't, Dean Crane."

Abbie finally pulled out the jacket. She hugged it to her chest and walked to the foot of the bed. "You can get your phone now." "I'm

leaving."

Abbie made a move to step around him when Ichabod reached out to touch her elbow. She looked up to meet his eyes.

"Don't leave, please." "I wish to speak with you about what you said earlier."

Abbie lifted her chin to look up at Dean Crane and into his eyes.

"Well you don't have to say it Dean Crane."

Ichabod lifted an eyebrow and took a step closer to Abbie. He lifted his hand from his thigh and then let it drop again to his side. He

let out a breath in a sigh.

"And what is that, Abbie, Professor Mills?" "What is it you think I am going to say?"

Abbie stepped back. He towered over her and was so close. The masculine scent of his musk filling her nostrils.

"The same thing you told me in my kitchen six years ago on New Year's Eve."

"What?"

Abbie laughed. She shook her head. She waved her hand between them.

"You wouldn't remember." You gave me the you-are-flattered-but-I-am-too "old-for- you-as-well-as-your-brothers best friend-

speech."



Ichabod Crane opened his mouth to dispute her but closed it again without commenting. He instead stared at her as she continued her speech.

"And now your going to tell me how you are flattered but even though You are not my boss you still work with me but I am still

your brothers best friend. So I am still strictly off-limits and you still don't love me speech."

"Abigail"

"But I do still love you Ichabod Crane and I guess I always will, even though you will never feel the same."

Abbie lowered her eyes to the floor and sniffed. Her eyes followed the crazy patterns in the wooden floor and then looked up to

meet Crane's eyes again. She smiled at Ichabod stared at her. She chuckled and swallowed hard. Her mouth suddenly dry.

"Abigail."

He whispered.

I know." "It's crazy, right?" "Six years remembering something and silently pining after you, hoping one day you would love me

too." "It's so stupid." "So juvenile."

"Abbie."

"Shit."

Abbie sighed and closed her eyes. She wished she was dead. Abbie lowered her eyes again and just stared at his shoes.

"Please forget everything I said, Dean Crane." "I don't know what I'm saying, I I I may have had too many drinks tonight to know

what the hell I am saying."

Abbie lifted her eyes to meet his again and chuckled. A smile on her full lips. Her eyes locked with his it seemed. She just couldn't

look away.

Dean Crane didn't say anything for a few minutes. He held the breath he didn't realize he was holding before finally releasing it.

"I love you too, Abbie."

## 2. Chapter 2

### CHAPTER TWO

"What?"

"Hey, gorgeous do you wanna dance?"

Abbie and Dean Crane turned to see Luke Morales now standing at the doorway. His handsome face

smiling at Abbie.

"Luke."

Abbie nodded at him.

"Mr. Morales."

Dean Crane nodded.

"Dean Crane." "Oh, sorry did I interrupt something?"

Dean Crane and Abbie stared at one another. Abbie licked her lips. Her eyes shifted back to Luke.

"Luke? Can you give me a minute?"

Luke looked from Abbie to Dean Crane and frowned. He shrugged.

"Yeah, sure, whatever." "Just remember me on your dance card tonight, Gorgeous ok?"

He knocked on the door frame twice and winked at Abbie before disappearing from the doorway.

"Strange young man." "You used to date him?"

Ichabod Crane whispered. He looked at Abbie and smiled. He squinted up at him.

"What?"

He asked. He frowned down at her.

"Did you just hear what you just said?"

"Yes. I love you Abbie."

Abbie stared at him. Her lips quirked up.

"Are you drunk?"

Her tongue swiped at her lips.

He smiled and sighed.

"I've had a couple of drinks, Abbie but I am most certainly not drunk."

"How many?"

Abbie answered. Her eyebrow arched over her eye.

"How many what?"

"How many drinks have you've had?" "What would you call a couple?"

Ichabod's shoulder lowered and he sighed. He closed his eyes.

"I've had two drinks this evening." "And one at lunch."

Dean Crane lowered his arms. He took three steps toward Abbie and stopped. He frowned. He couldn't read her face. Her brown eyes were lowered. Staring at his chest. Her full red lips pressed tightly closed. No emotion showed. Her breath coming out in short pants. He began to worry she was going to hyperventilate.

"I am stone cold sober, Abbie." "I promise."

"Whaâ€¦".

Abbie panted. She closed her eyes trying to get her breath back a don collect her thoughts. She felt light headed as far she were about to faint.

"Why now?" "Why here?" What is making you say all this now?"

"You are?"

"Me?"

Abbie pointed to her chest.

"Yes. After hearing you tell me you love me on the phone and then telling it to my face."

He chuckled. Abbie did not laugh. Her beautiful brown eyes grew huge and she stared at him.

"So What?" If you didn't hear me tell my sister that I love you and didn't confess it to you to your face you wouldn't have said anything?"

"Yes. I mean No." "I've wanted to tell you how I felt for year now but have been a coward." "I am by all accounts still married, Abbie." "And I didn't want to drag you into the drama by declaring that I was in love with you."

Abbie sucked in a breath and exhaled slowly. She closed her eyes. He said it. He was in love with her.

"And Daniels' little sister."

She whispered. Abbie drew in another deep breath and expelled it audibly.

"Yes. And I am six years older than you."

"I don't care about that."

Abbie raised her voice angrily. She stepped forward and crossed her arms across her chest. Ichabod

took two steps forward as well. They now stood so close in the middle of the room. There was a certain

tension in the air between them. An awareness at how close they were.

"Yes. But I do."

He grunted.

### 3. Chapter 3: Love Note

Hi. Everyone. Here is the next chapter. Thank you for those who are enjoying, following and favoriting this story. Lol I am so happy you like this mess. Lol this is my first fanfic as you may have already guessed and I hope you still like it. I'm am trying for a Niles wedding from FRAZIER kind of thing right now. (I hope you watch the show) Where Abbie and Ichabods relationship is unfolded in the middle of a party and no one is the wiser. Lol Anyway, here is it. I don't own any of these characters. They all belong to FOX.

Enjoy.

Abbie Mills bit down on her bottom lip.. Dean Crane stared at her intensely. His lips thinned. His face

turning a bright shade of red and sweat dampen his blue dress shirt.

"Are you alright?"

"Wha?"

His eyes lowered to the floor. He turned away and walked back to the bed.

"Dean Crane!"

Abbie rushed to Him as he collapsed on the side of the bed

She grabbed his hand enveloping her small hand inside his. She gasped. It felt cold and clammy.

"Let me go call Mary for help." "I think I saw her in the kitchen."

Abbie let go of his hand and turned to leave. Dean Crane caught her wrist.

"No, please Ms Mills I am fine." "I haven't eaten all day." "I just need to eat."

"Ok, I'll go to the kitchen to get you something before you past out on me." "What can I bring

you?"

"I'd hardly pass out on you, Ms Mills."

Crane scoffed.

Abbie smiled as she patted his hand. Dean Ichabod Crane lowered his eyes to see his large hand on her

small wrist.

He pulled her toward him.

"I shouldn't grab you like this butâ€¦"

He whispered.

"It's fine, You didn't know where your hand was going."

"I always know exactly where my hand is going, when it is you on you, Abbie."

He whispered. His English accent thick, low and deep suddenly slurring his words. Abbie's large brown

eyes widened at Dean Crane's using her first name once again.

"I've dreamed many times of where I would love to have my hands on you, Abbie." He slurred.

Abbie opened her mouth and then closed it. She narrowed her eyes at him. An eyebrow lifted.

"Just how many beers did you have today, really?"

He rolled his eyes and drew in a deep hissing breath.

"Ppphft, one, two, maybe five." "Lost count after the third." "I was trying to drink you away, Abbie."

Dean Crane sighed. Abbie frowned. She closed her eyes. She knew it was too good to

be true. His declaration of love was an empty confession. He didn't know what he was saying

and will not remember it by the morning. Shit!

Abbie felt hot tears in back of her eyes and blinked them away. She cleared her throat.

"Ok Let me go so I get you something to eat, Dean Crane." "I thought I saw some of those little

sandwiches left over in the kitchen and some strong coffee to clear your head."

Abbie moved to leave. Crane took hold of her wrist again and tugged harder. She fell on Crane's lap. Her

Long fingers fanned across his chest. Looking so tiny against his broad hard muscular chest. Ichabod

collected her small hand in his and placed it on his heart. Abbie

lifted her eyes to meet his blue- gray

eyes that matched perfectly with his dark blue dress shirt. Time stopped. The only sound was their

breathing. His eyes lowered to her full plump lips. He let her hand go and held her chin. Abbie opened

her mouth to say something but he started stroking his thumb slowly

across her bottom lip.

"God, you are so damn beautiful!"

Abbie frowned her breath caught stunned. She chuckled.

"Yeah. I'm really beautiful after four or five beers." "Come on, Dean Crane let me go, so I can get you

something to eat."

Abbie giggled. She might as well laugh. It was better than crying. She will cry her eyes out about Dean

Crane's drunken confession later in the privacy of her house. She decided.

"Come on on now let me up."

She patted his chest and laughed.

Abbie pulled herself up. Ichabod quickly let go of her chin and caught her hands. He stared into

her eyes. Abbie stopped. He lowered his eyes to her lips and moaned.

"I often wondered how your lips taste." To see if they are as delicious as they look."

He slowly lowered his lips to Abbie's while he pulled her slowly towards him. Both silent. The

anticipation between them too strong. .

"I've tried so hard to stop thinking about you, Abbie." "Ever since you first walked into my office with

Jenny and your brother Daniel." "You are the first person I think of when I wake and the last

person I think about when I go to sleep." You drive me insane!"

Abbie wanted to say more but she couldn't. Her thoughts were too scattered.

Ichabod scoffed.

"I'm still married. I didn't want to fall in love with you." "I didn't want to love anyone after Katerina."

Ichabod chuckled. He lowered his lips then until they were a hairs breath away now.

"Having you so close, and not being able to show in my face how much I desperately crave you in

front of Daniel or Katerina was torture." "Until you told me what I always wanted to hear."

Abbie took a breath. She pulled back a little and frowned at him.

"Actually, I didn't tell you." "You over heard me on he phone telling Jenny."

"Semantics, Abbie, Semantics. What difference does it make?" "We now know the truth, that we love

each other."

Abbie couldn't think. All she heard was her heart thumping faster and faster inside her chest.

Abbie sucked in a breath. Letting it out a soft huff. She was sure he could feel her trembling in his arms.

"I have loved you for so long." "I even wrote a note to finally tell you how I felt, first." "But you never

answered the note."

Ichabod whispered. His lips lightly brushed against her lips.

"Why didn't you read my note, Abbie?"

"Whaâ€|.?"

Abbie gasped. Her mind was blank. She didn't know what he was talking about. She couldn't think. All

she felt was sensation. Her eyelashes fluttered closed when she felt Ichabod's soft, hot breath against

her lips. A low groan escaped from Ichabod's mouth. He devoured her plump full mouth.

Abbie moaned as she sucked on Ichabod's tongue and licked his bottom lip. Dean Crane anchored her

head with his hand at the back of Abbie's head. His other hand clenched the silky dark blue fabric of her

dress tightly at the small of Abbie's back. Her lips were delicious. He tasted them slowly, nibbling at their

plumpness at first and then opening his mouth to suck on them more insistent. Becoming

even more inebriated just by the taste them.

Ichabod sighed against her mouth. Abbie tasted even more delicious than he'd imagined. She tasted

sweet and juicy like the strawberry daiquiri he saw her drink earlier. He groaned into her mouth

again pulling her even closer against his chest. He wanted more. He couldn't get enough. Dean Crane

then pulled slowly away from her.. He stared into her eyes.

He frowned.

"Why didn't you read my note?"

He repeated whining.

Abbie opened her eyes and her small body stiffened In his arms. As reality came crashing in again.

"What note?" "I never got a note."

She whispered.

Dean Crane did not answer as he tightened his arms around Abbie's waist and pulled her back into his

tight embrace. He brought his lips back down to hers and slanted his mouth against her mouth for one

last nibble and pulled away.

"My beautiful, Abbie." "God, I love you." "Please don't run away from me."

He groaned. Abbie pulled away. She opened her mouth to say something when she heard heels clicking

toward the opened doorway.

"Abbie?" "You're still here!" "I thought you'd left."

Professor Mary Wells smiled as she knocked on the doorframe.

She looked at Abbie and Crane now sitting apart on the bed.

Abbie stood up and smiled at Mary.

"Yes. Well I didn't." "But I think I'm ready to leave now, It's late."

Abbie shook her head. She didn't like the way her voice sounded. It sounded shaky and nervous. Abbie

Felt her body tremble. Goosebumps rising on her skin. She looked down at her hand and saw it



shaking. She grabbed her hand and cleared her throat. Abbie stole a glance at Dean Crane

sitting on the other side of the large bed. His elbows on his knees his head in his hands. He rubbed his

eyes with the heels of his hands as a low moan escaped his mouth.

"I really should go, Mary."

"Oh, no, Abbie Really?" "What about your sister?" "Isn't she coming over?"

Abbie shook her head and closed her eyes. Shit. She forgot about Jenny.

"I'll call her when I get home."

Abbie shook her head.

She averted her eyes from Cranes. She could feel the heat rising to her face making her face and whole

body hot. She still trembled from the intensity of their kiss.

"I really had a long day today and I want to go home."

"What about Luke?" "He's still waiting for that dance you promised him."

Mary's eyebrow arched over one eye as she smiled.

"Luke?" Abbie asked.

"He asked me if I knew where you were." "I told him I didn't that I thought you had gone home."

"Oh." "Oh, I will say goodbye to Luke before I leave."

Ichabod groaned. His eyes shifted to Abbie and he stared. His stare intense, his jaw twitched, agitated. His eyes were hard and cold. Abbie Suddenly felt self conscious and quickly looked away back to Mary Wells to find Mary smiling back at Dean Crane.

"Are you feeling all right, Ichabod?" "You look terrible."

"Just peachy. Thanks for asking, Mary."

Dean Crane growled. He raised his long legs up on the bed and closed his eyes.

Abbie pursed her lips. Mary smiled. Mary leaned forward to whisper to Abbie.

"Poor Ichabod. I guess he's had too much to drink tonight." "I told him he should slow down a bit." "I

think it's his pending divorce from Katerina Crane that's making him drink so excessively, tonight."

Abbie frowned and cleared her throat.

"All he needs is something to eat." "He hasn't eaten since this morning."

Another grunt came from Ichabod Crane.

Mary laughed to see him now lying with his arm draped across his eyes.

"He's passed out now, I'll leave him some sandwiches to eat when he wakes up." "Poor thing, he really

is going to feel a great whopper of a headache in the morning."

"I'm not passed out!" "And thank you for the sandwiches and the coffee, Mary."

Mary laughed. Abbie's eyebrow lifted as she giggled.

"Why, Dean Crane. We thought you were asleep."

Mary giggled.

"No, you both thought I was passed out."

He moaned. Ichabod slowly slid his arm away from his eyes and stared across at Mary and Abbie. He

smiled at both women. He winced when he sat up again in the bed.

"I will get your sandwiches and coffee, Ichabod now that you are up."

"I'll go with you, Mary."

Abbie turned to walk out. Mary stretched out her hand to stop Abbie.

"No, I will go." "You stay here and take care of Ichabod."

Mary smiled and left the room.

Abbie closed her eyes and sighed. She looked back at the bed. Ichabod flashed her a little smirk. His

eyebrow lifted. Crane then patted his hand on the empty space next to him on the bed.

"Alone once again, Abbie." "You heard Mary, come take care of me." "Stop running away."

To be continuedâ€¦

End  
file.